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**PUCK.**  
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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

Walk right in, ladies and gentlemen, no extra charge to see the greatest Living Skeleton and Starving Man of the World! He has eaten nothing in twenty years. This is the great new attraction, and his engagement is positively limited—limited by his own stupidity, which, ladies and gentlemen, is unexampled in the history of living skeletons. Why has this marvel of nature, ladies and gentlemen, why has he eaten nothing in twenty years? Because, ladies and gentlemen, because he has had nothing to eat. And why has he had nothing to eat? You will not believe it, gentle friends, when you are told that this freak of nature, after having been one of the fattest men and the solidest feeders ever known, has sunk to his present insignificant proportions simply on account of his own stupidity.

Listen, ladies and gentlemen, to the wonderful and edifying history of this great curiosity. For many years he fattened at the public crib; he waxed stout—ay, even stouter than the marvel of monstrosity that has just been discharged to make room for this newer addition to our show. He had everything at his command, and, had he been possessed of about one half an ounce of common-sense, he might be feeding now in perfect comfort. But, ladies and gentlemen, in the language of the turf, he felt his oats, and he kicked over his crib. Since then he has gone starving, and would probably have been starving to-day had not the opposition attraction grown so objectionably arrogant as to require prompt, if not permanent exile. And now, ladies and gentlemen, this present curiosity thinks he is going to fatten up as an opposition attraction. But it is not probable that his engagement will be of sufficient duration. He hasn't brains enough to stay long in one place—unless it is a lunatic asylum.

Somehow or other, it strikes PUCK very forcibly that this show is no more attractive or edifying than the one which preceded it. We

have had enough of overgrown fat and starveling lean. We have had enough, indeed, of monstrosities. Our political museum has always been full of dwarfs and hunchbacks and other deformities, with here and there, perhaps, a giant to whom we could look up. But there are no giants now-a-days, and the horrors that are offered us are not well chosen, if the museum is supposed to be a means of education and cultivation. Because we are tired of the Republican Fat Woman, there is no reason why we should be treated to a sight of the Democratic Living Skeleton. Would it not be a good scheme for the managers to make a complete change, and, instead of showing us things that are more or less than men, introduce us to a plain, simple, well-built Man?

\* \* \* \* \* It would certainly be a change. And when the Democratic Living Skeleton has finished this engagement—which ought to be positively a final farewell—we should very much like to see in his place a certain sturdy figure which has, from time to time, of late, ornamented the cartoon pages of PUCK—the figure of a promising young man, with a wholesome face, a general look of health and strength about him, and a label ingeniously placed somewhere about his garments—a label reading "Independent New Party."

\* \* \* \* \* It is too late, Mr. Arthur; you ought to have thought of it before. It will do a little temporary good, but it will not get you out of the trouble in which your Administration finds itself. Marshal Henry, Postmaster Ainger, Assistant-Postmaster Parker, Foreman Helm and ex-Senator Spencer made up a weighty parcel of ballast for a respectable party to carry, and it was as well to get rid of it; and the Cabinet air-ship will be little better off for the lightening. The Republican party has a pretty heavy task before it to regain the confidence of the people. It has lost it, and deservedly so, and he would be a bold man who would venture to fix

the time when the sins of recreant Republicans are to be forgiven and the party is once more to direct affairs. Still, it is a good sign that the Administration has become ashamed of the company it keeps, and shows a disposition to put its house in order before retiring from the business for an indefinite period. Such acts will be placed to its credit, and will certainly not be forgotten for many years. It shows that the sense of decency is not wholly lost, and that the party is not willing to die without first endeavoring to make some little atonement for its crimes.

\* \* \* \* \* There is a certain demand in our larger cities for the vocal performance of drama in the Italian language. It is called opera, and since its invention it has given pleasure to many hundreds of thousands of people. There are signs, however, that Italian opera is very much on its last legs, especially in America and Great Britain, and it is not surprising when it is considered that what is called grand opera is a stupid and unnatural thing, more senseless than the miracle plays that used to be the fashion in mediæval times. One can understand what a comic opera means, and can love to hear a fine voice and brilliant instrumentation on poetic themes, but no effort of the imagination can extract much poetry or satisfaction from a serious play performed lyrically.

\* \* \* \* \* But the taste has been acquired as many other things are, and now a Cockney manager with warlike proclivities has undertaken to gratify the taste of Americans and to supply the fashionable demand. He does this with one glorious singer whom he doesn't know how to manage, and a host of inglorious vocalists to counteract the effect of the star. America endures this sort of thing because it can't very well help it, but the palmy days of grand opera, even under British military chieftains, are certainly over, and all sensible people should rejoice that such is the case.

THE PEACEFUL EUROPEAN SHEPHERDS.

THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM.



PEACE (in danger):—"IT SEEMS HARMONIOUS ENOUGH, BUT FROM THE LOOK OF THINGS THERE WILL NOT BE ROOM FOR ME MUCH LONGER."

## MAC BUTLER AND THE WITCHES.



FIRST WITCH—(*N. Y. Democracy*): All hail, Macben, all hail to the thane of Boston.  
 SECOND WITCH—(*Penn. Democracy*): All hail, Macben, hail to thee, Governor of Massachusetts.  
 THIRD WITCH—(*Mass. Democracy*): All hail, Macben, that shall be President hereafter!  
 MACBEN:—H'm! That's all very well; but I guess the Southern Macduff won't swallow ME!!

—PUCKSPERE.

## ANOTHER.

[What might have been seen in the obituary column of the *Tonawanda Tocsin*.]

We are deeply pained to announce the loss of our promising young friend and fellow-townsmen, Mr. Jabez C. Pennifeather, the son of our esteemed contributor, Deacon Pennifeather, whose emporium on Main Street enjoys an enviable popularity which arises not only from the high commercial quality of the Deacon's goods, but from that liberal spirit of business enterprise which has always characterized this pillar of the 2nd M. E. Church, and which is nowhere better exemplified than in the column announcement which appears on the last page of this week's *Tocsin*, directly following reading-matter. Readers who have for many years taken pleasure in perusing this large and artistically worded advertisement will observe that even in this hour of grief and bereavement, Deacon Pennifeather's sense of duty to the public of Tonawanda moves him to sacrifice the man to the merchant; and the emporium will be closed only between the hours of 12 and 1 P. M., during which time the funeral of his lamented son will take place, as per announcement under head of "Deaths and Marriages."

In Mr. Jabez C. Pennifeather this community has lost a member who gave promise of reflecting great credit on the Town of Tonawanda, and adding a new lustre to the fame which our beloved burgh has already achieved throughout the length and breadth of the state.

A young life is blotted out—a golden sunrise is quenched in the murky clouds of a premature night—the potentiality of an illustrious citizen is hopelessly annihilated, beyond all possibility of resurrection, and a gloom is cast over a happy household of which he was the joy and pride, as well as a most assiduous helper in his father's popular emporium.

Although but a young man—having cast his maiden vote at the last election for the grand

old party whose sons cling to her in the hour of defeat as nobly as in the days of victory—Mr. Jabez C. Pennifeather had already evinced a notable degree of business ability and had developed a sweet and touching character and a principle far beyond his years. As an illustration of both of these qualities, we may refer to the pleasure experienced by his friends in beholding him on the anxious seat at the recent revival in the 2nd M. E. Church, and to the keen financial eye which he displayed in securing the two acre lot on the canal which was formerly the property of the Widow Dollyiver, and which Deacon Pennifeather has since sold at 200% advance on the purchase price.

What makes the sudden and unexpected taking-off of our young townsman the more sad is the fact that he had but recently entered into the holy bonds of matrimony with a most estimable and attractive young lady from Toughakawaska, Miss Mehitable Hostetter. The young couple were, indeed, on their wedding-tour when death gently beckoned them both to his arms, and it was only by the exertions of several talented physicians that the fair bride was prevented from obeying the summons, and was fairly snatched from the arms of the relentless destroyer.

Trusting and confident, they had gone down to the Modern Babylon—the great city of New York—not to share in its lurid dissipations, for both were young people of high moral training and strict abstainers on principle, but to study its noble monuments and pace hand-in-hand through its museums and its libraries. Repairing to a temperance hotel of well-known and high reputation, they retired at an early hour, and blew out the gas.

BE GOOD, fair maid, and let who will be clever,  
 Cut your bang even and be ever gay;  
 And you will get a watch with patent lever  
 Double-jeweled action from papa some day.  
 —Kingsley, modernized.

## Pukerings.

WHAT DO the wild waves say? Fifty dollars a week. Thus do we get ahead of all contemporaries on jokes for next Summer.

IT IS strange that it has not occurred to any boy to state that Mr. Helm has been ported and Mr. Spencer has been di-Spencer-ed with.

SINCE THURLOW WEED'S posthumous Morgan exposé F. and A. M. ought no longer to mean "Free and Accepted Mason," but "Foul and Abominable Murder."

A NEW JERSEY journal heads an article on the proposed contestation of McAdoo's election to Congress: "McAdoo About Nothing." That's just about McAdoo's size—about nothing.

IT ISN'T so much a pedestal for the Statue of Liberty that is wanted by the citizens of New York—it is liberty of governing themselves that is required, without the intervention of our horrible Board of Aldermen and John Kelly.

DR. JACOBY suggests that longer vacations be granted to pupils of the public schools. He evidently does not think that the pupils are properly proficient in the important arts of "fatsy" and "long taw."

TWELVE BROOKLYN ALDERMEN were sent to jail, last week, for having defied the mandate of the court. We wish that New York's precious Board of Aldermen could be sent to keep their Brooklyn brothers company for the next two or three years.

THE CITY collector of Baltimore annually receives, it is reported, the sum of \$1,530 from some anonymous Bostonian, who desires the amount transferred to the "Conscience Fund" of the former city. From which it would appear that a Boston conscience is a pretty expensive luxury to have in the house.

IT IS reported that two American citizens have been murdered in Madagascar. The London newspapers suggest that America should interfere. But then the question arises as to whether it would be cheaper to tow Madagascar over here or to engage ex-Secretary Robeson to build a fleet to send there to punish the natives.

PROFESSOR BROOKS wants prayers offered in the churches on Sunday next for clear weather for the transit of Venus, as the opportunity won't occur again for 122 years. Considering the vast amount of good that prayers did in saving the life of the late President Garfield we would strongly advise Professor Brooks not to persist in his hobby.

BISMARCK is said to have pronounced Vermont "The most perfect democracy in the world." Just like those jaw-breaking Germans! They never can "pronounce" anything without making a complete circuit of Robin Hood's barn. Up among the Green Hills they pronounce it, simply and musically, "Varmount," as every true Christian should, of course.

A REMARKABLE CURE.—For twenty years I was a terrible sufferer from rheumatic cramps. I tossed in agony on my sleepless bed, and became so twisted up that I was frequently utilized as a corkscrew. I tried every remedy in the market without success, until one day I was recommended by a kind friend to use Dr. Gastrogum's invaluable Anti-Rheumatine. Three bottles made me a well man. For sale by all druggists.—Adv.

## TEN LITTLE BIGOTS.

Ten little Bigots, chalking out a line,  
One couldn't toe it, then there were nine.  
Nine little Bigots, full of zeal and hate,  
One asked time to think, then there were eight.  
Eight little Bigots, fencing roads to heaven,  
One cut across lots, then there were seven.  
Seven little Bigots, at each other shying bricks,  
One's pet creed was smashed, then there were six,  
Six little Bigots, fighting which should drive,  
One got down and walked, then there were five.  
Five little Bigots, wrangling more and more,  
One heard of Darwin, then there were four.  
Four little Bigots, still could not agree,  
One kicked his catechism, then there were three.  
Three little Bigots, madder yet they grew,  
One cried: "Damn it all!" then there were two.  
Two little Bigots, each with loaded gun  
Aimed at the other, left was only one.  
One little Bigot, crowing all alone,  
Tackled Bob Ingersoll, then there was none.

C.

## DECAY OF CENTRAL PARK.

There is at present going the rounds of the press a most timely and interesting article on the rapid decline of Central Park. The paper, which should not fail to gain the attention of every person interested in the welfare of this picturesque spot, speaks more of the park's decay than of the reasons for it. It seems not a little strange that an enclosure which has had so much money spent on it as Central Park has should be dwindling into decay, and it is no easy matter for the thinker to probe the mystery and discover the underlying cause.

It is a pretty well established belief that art is the foundation of all refinement. A person may not be gifted, but still profit largely by the culture of others. Indians are not refined as a class; yet, when brought to Washington periodically, for the purpose of joining in a peace jubilee, they are invariably taken to some place of amusement for relaxation. On these occasions the music and the acting fills them with keenest pleasure, and, although they can not understand the language, they enjoy the performance as much as any one else present, and act in a manner which proves them to be thoroughly susceptible to the refining influences of art.

It is precisely the same with white people, except that while good art removes the rougher

edges from their natures, spurious art has the opposite effect, and reduces them to a level of painful degradation.

On the hypothesis that no public park can decay unless people become prejudiced and refuse to visit it, we unhesitatingly advance the opinion that the decline of Central Park is largely owing to the many meretricious works of art to be found within its walls. In this age people understand the meaning of evil associations—even New York people do, and it is not unreasonable to conclude that they avoid Central Park on account of its statuary, preferring to remain in the impure atmosphere of their squalid homes to coming face to face with so-called works of art, and having their hopes and ambitions rudely blasted.

Now take Burns, for instance. Robert is sitting down and appears fatigued. He is draped in a loose-fitting garment that causes him to look too stout for ordinary clothes, and gives him the careless aspect of a wild Indian attired in an army blanket. He holds a quill in his left hand, which rests on one of his legs in a manner to partially justify the unpoetic suspicion that he has lately been reposing on an entomological couch, and is endeavoring to alleviate the unhappy result without being detected by his friends. In such a case the pen is not as mighty as the oyster-knife.

On the pedestal Burns's name appears. This is done in a spirit of kindness, to prevent visitors from leaving with the impression that they have been looking at a statue of Captain Kydd.

Just opposite are statues of Fitz Greene Halleck and Sir Walter Scott. Halleck wears an old-fashioned collar with about four yards of silk handkerchief around it. He looks hungry and deserted. He looks as though he were fastened down to his chair with spikes to keep from blowing away.

Scott has on a pair of seventy-five-cent arctics. A hound lies on his large Chicago feet, but is not sufficiently massive to entirely obscure them from view. He has something that resembles a table-cloth thrown carelessly about him, and appears to be sadly in need of a haircut. His collar is fastened on his shirt, which is left unbuttoned to make him look poetical. It is rather strange that he doesn't wear an old slouch hat, and a pair of lavender trousers with scarlet patches on the base, to carry out the true idea of the poet. His appearance is that of sadness and reverie. He seems as though he might have been just hauled out of the river, and is wrapped in a blanket in the

garret while his only suit of clothes is being dried in the kitchen.

A short distance off is a statue of Daniel Webster which must have been made with an axe. Daniel has one hand in his vest, and the other holds a roll of manuscript—probably a rejected play. He looks like the foreman of a prosperous brewery, except that he has on a swallow-tail coat, in which he appears to the visitor in the daytime. But he doesn't wear an opera hat or patent-leather pumps. He stands on a pedestal thirty feet high. This is because the statue is so bad. When looking upon this statue, no one wonders that Webster is dead. The sculptor ought to be, too, if he isn't.

Some of the public buildings in Central Park contain many paintings, and they, too, have contributed to the decay of this beautiful enclosure. It seems a shame that the first poets and soldiers of this and other countries should be the direct means of making well-meaning people dangerously desolate, and every patriotic and fair-minded person will agree with us in all we say.

There are other parks in danger, too. Madison Square has a statue of Seward, which has legs long enough for a man twice as tall. What is the result? Only tramps frequent the park. People with more pride and self-respect will not go near the park to sit down, for they value their futures, and hesitate to court inevitable ruin. To be sure, children play around the pedestal, but they either do not notice the statue, or else they are too young, innocent and unsuspecting to be seriously injured by it.

Why are many of our leading politicians dishonest? It is simply this: They go into office perfectly innocent and well-meaning. If they are aldermen, they see the pictures hanging around the chambers of the City Hall. If they hold state offices, they are brought in contact with the paintings at the Capitol. Gradually they change, and neither they nor their families can understand the meaning of it. They have been looking at Schuyler or Putnam, in their yellow flesh, high-collared coats and bottle-green back-grounds. That is the cause of their downfall and ruin.

Having watched these pictures a few times out of curiosity, their palms become itching, and they immediately see the beauty of clearing off their mortgages by selling their votes. The members of the Tammany ring were all pure, honest men before they got into office and saw the works of art at the City Hall, than which not many worse specimens can be found at the annual exhibition of the Academy of Design.

Central Park decaying! Why, it would be a supernatural park to bear up under its present load and not decay. Critics say that ancient statuary was defective to a grotesque degree, and that it would be laughed at if placed in comparison with the work of modern sculptors, if it were not for the historical and poetical associations that surrounds it. And didn't Rome and Athens come to an untimely end?

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

## WILL SHE?

[After Mother Goose.]

I.  
"Oh, Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
How many lovers have you?"  
"With here and there, and everywhere—  
I have a dozen or two!"

II.  
"Then, Mary, Mary, quite contrary,  
What are you going to do?"  
"If it's worth while, why—I think I'll  
Throw them all over for you!"

W. L. B.

SINKING INDIVIDUAL:—"HELP!"  
PARTY ON SHORE:—"GET OUT!"



## A FEW WORDS TO OFFICE BOYS.



Always take things Easy when your employer sends you on an Important Errand.



Don't be in a hurry; stop and examine all the new styles of Toy Pistols for half an hour.



Then, if you feel like Reading, get up on some Barrels and put in another half hour.



Then, for Exercise, you can have a Fight with another boy bigger than yourself.



By this time you can return to your Employer, who will welcome you with Joy and make—



—A little Angel of you, with a nice little Harp and a pretty White Robe.

## WINTER, CRUEL, BITTER, BEAUTIFUL, IS HERE.

Now the snow  
Doth fall  
On the housetop tall,  
And through the trees doth blow,  
And lies in drifts by the frozen rill,  
While the little boy flies down the hill—  
Fies down the hill on his slender sled  
That's painted red.

No songster charms the silent woods,  
And the girls go skating in worsted hoods,  
And the happy child doth canter  
Around in a Tam O'Shanter  
Cap.  
Slap,  
Bang!  
Doth the snow-drift come with a whang  
From the roof of the way-side ranch  
In a terrible avalanche,  
And lands on the spry  
Passer-by;  
And he thinks that a Comanche has scalped off his tile,  
And spoiled his smile,  
And laid him out in beautiful style.

And the plumber sings,  
And the plumber jumps,  
While the bill he brings  
For spoiling the pumps,  
And all's as merry  
As the bell at the ferry.

Now doth the once jolly,  
But at present melancholy,  
Crow  
Sit on the apex of the button-ball,  
And seems,  
In his dreams,

As sad as any funeral pall  
As he watches the drifts of snow  
Below.  
He studies the field  
With a look forlorn,  
For it cannot yield  
Him any corn.  
And nothing to him in the field 's complete  
But the scarecrow standing on broomstick feet.  
And the world is sad and dreary,  
And the crow is rather weary,  
Though no farmer comes with cautious tread  
And duck-shot  
And buck-shot,  
To deprive him of his cunning head,  
And number him with the dead.

And the plumber sings,  
And the plumber jumps,  
While the bill he brings  
For spoiling the pumps,  
And all's as merry  
As the bell at the ferry.

Now the young lady's filled with Christmas  
hopes,  
Now sunbeams gild the landscape's snowy  
slopes,  
And now the beatific toper topes.  
And Ethel  
Goes with Bethel  
To the church fair, and he hollers  
When sold a ten-cent shaving-case for six or  
seven dollars.  
And it almost yanks the soul  
Out of the boy who's indolently toasting  
Himself beside the stove to have to put in coal;

Especially on a day  
When everything is gay,  
And you go out in your sleigh,  
And there is splendid coasting.  
And when the streets are full of slush  
The little boy doth rush  
And makes a very nice ball—  
In fact an ice-ball—  
And, when young men in pride walk,  
That ice-ball knocks their plugs upon the sidewalk.  
Oh, Winter's here, oh, Winter's here,  
On that you may wager your shekels dear!

Now do the sleigh-bells jingle,  
And with wild laughter mingle;  
Now are sweet lily digits held beneath the  
cosy robe,  
Now doth the little fellow  
Cut on behind, and bellow  
Because the driver cuts him with the whip  
upon the lobe  
Of his ear,  
And it makes him feel as queer  
And drear  
As any other fellow on the face of this here  
globe.

And the plumber sings,  
And the plumber jumps,  
While the bill he brings  
For spoiling the pumps,  
And all's as merry  
As the bell at the ferry,  
Or the maiden on whose back  
Is a brand-new sealskin sacque.

R. K. M.

## A NOVELTY.



PUCK'S DREAM OF A "CONTEST OF UGLINESS."

## THE THREE WISHES.

## AND HOW THEY WERE FULFILLED.

Once there was a King of Persia named Khosrouschah. History is silent as to whether this was his first or last name, but an impression has long prevailed that it was. He did not, however, possess a middle name. Why his parents did not run his cognomen through a hay-cutter and chop it into small bits, and then splice the pieces together, so that he would have a front and last name with two middle initials—thus: Khos R. O. Uschah—is one of those inexplicable things that will forever remain a mystery, if it is not explained. “Khosrouschah” was a boss appellation with which to demoralize spelling bees; and it was not a common, everyday three-for-a-quarter name. You might have searched the city directory from Dan to Beersheba without finding another Khosrouschah, while the Smiths were as multitudinous as office-seekers. The King’s mother congratulated herself upon having found a title that could not be tortured into a nickname; and when, therefore, her little son returned home from school the first day of the new term, and informed his parent that the scholars called him “Stumpy,” she was surprised and shocked. How Khosrouschah could be corrupted into “Stumpy” was a puzzle department she could not solve without the key—and the key was lost.

One night as the King of Persia—the subject of our truthful sketch—was meandering about the city in disguise, accompanied by his vizier, he met with a very interesting adventure. It was the custom of kings in those days to put on a disguise and masquerade about the city, ostensibly for the purpose of personally acquainting themselves with the efficiency of their police, but really to have a little fun with the “boys,” without lowering the dignity of their high positions. An ordinary individual could order “beers for four,” throw down a five-dollar bill, and receive the right change every time. A king was expected to pay fifty cents apiece for his drinks and look for no change. When rambling around *in cog*, he was always accompanied by his vizier—a wise precaution, as this subordinate was obliged to assist the King home when the latter saw two gas-lamps where there was only one.

On the night in question, as the King was passing through a street occupied by the poorer classes, he heard female voices pitched in a very high key. Much bibulation had made the King bold, and, perceiving the door of the house slightly ajar, he peeked in and saw three comely young girls, who proved to be sisters. They were engaged in an animated conversation—all talking at one time, as girls will do, and their dialogue sounded as if it had been telescoped and frightfully fractured in a railroad collision. The King applied his ear to the aperture and heard the following babelish chatter:

“Have it trimmed with guipure lace and three rows of soutache braid on—Lizzie Brown’s brother Tom’s—ruffled around the neck with—such a splendid moustache, and he waxes it—like Clara Jonest’s polonaise, and she is going to have—Mary Smitham’s baby; did you ever see such a fat—overskirt trimmed with chenille and as—ugly as sin in—the theatre the other night, and Charley’s—maroon velvet cut bias and—oh, say, girls, let’s all make a wish—what d’ye say?”

The King plastered his ear closer to the crack and listened intently. Fortunately, the girls had no father or big brother to come up unexpectedly in his rear and lift him off the front stoop with a heavy boot.

“Well, if I had my wish,” said the eldest sister: “I would marry the King’s coachman. I could then have a carriage ride, just like those grand ladies, who leave their neglected little children at home in charge of careless servants, and go driving through Central Park with a pug dog in their laps.”

“I,” replied the second: “would choose the King’s chief cook. I could then read Ouida’s novels or play ‘Dem Golden Slippers’ on the piano, while my husband was jumping around frying slapjacks and broiling a mackerel for supper.”

Then they asked the younger sister to name her desire. She said it was awfully awful nonsense to make wishes, because they wouldn’t come true, anyhow; but as long as it didn’t entail any more expense to wish for an upper-crust million-dollars-a-year-income husband than it did for a glucose four-dollars-a-week-and-board encumbrance, she wanted to be the wife of the King himself.

“A pretty looking queen you’d make!” sneered her elder sister: “why—”

Then a sudden gust of wind blew the door shut, smartly pinching the lobe of the King’s auricular. Evolving a small stream of profanity, and rubbing his injured ear, he ordered his vizier to mark the house and summon the inmates to appear before him the next day.

The three sisters, with their hair artistically banged, and attired in their Sunday clothes—some kind of stuff cut bias and trimmed with something else—were ushered into the presence of the King next morning, and, when His Majesty adverted to their wishes of the preceding night, their amazement and surprise could be seen by the expression of their eyes. Their wonder was increased a hundred fold when he further informed them that he intended to gratify their wishes.

“How disgustingly provoking!” whispered the elder sister: “I wish I had chosen a prince with blue eyes and a long feather in his hat.”

“And I wish I had asked for the handsome actor, down at the Madison Square Theatre, who wears a maroon velvet coat and yellow top boots,” sighed the second sister.

But it was too late now. The King gave the eldest sister to his coachman, the second to his chief cook, and married the youngest and prettiest himself. Thus all their wishes were fulfilled, and the girls declared that it was more romantic than a novel in a New York story paper. It simply illustrated anew the saying that truth is stranger than fiction.

The Persian journals printed an account of the incident, with big head lines, and during the next fortnight there wasn’t a young girl in the city that didn’t leave the door ajar in the evening and make extravagant wishes of a matrimonial character. But there were no more wishes granted that year, and the girls said it was “too mean for anything.”

The maidens who became the wives of the King’s servants envied their sister’s good luck, and were vexed at themselves that they had not expressed a desire to wed editors or some other great and good men. But they soon became reconciled to their fate. Their husbands were kind, and came home not later than ten P. M. The wife of the coachman was rejoiced to know that the King had no pretty daughter to fall in love and elope with her husband; while the chief cook’s better half could make afternoon calls, return home at tea time and find that her husband had prepared an appetizing supper.

And how was it with the youngest sister—the wife of the King?

Well, old Khosrouschah didn’t abandon his habit of scouting around at night in disguise; and he would come home at a late hour, with the bow of his cravat making frantic efforts to crawl into his ear, and he’d try to pull off his boots with the hat-rack; and when Mrs. Khosrouschah began to weep, and importune him to buy a diary and turn over a new leaf, he would cruelly mutter: “‘Shup, ole (hic) woman! ‘Member whazh yer wazh ‘fore (hic) I marriash yer!’”

And then the poor wife would want to go home to her mother. Her mother was slumbering in the silent tomb, but, all the same, she wanted to go home to her.

The King soon began to tire of his plebeian wife, and a couple of years after marriage he secured a ten-dollar Chicago divorce and married the daughter of a prince—a woman of enigmatical age, red hair, six hundred thousand sequins, a wart on the chin, and a graveyard cough.

The discarded wife went to live with her sisters, alternately, and whiled away the days decorating pickle jars and things, and regretting that she had not, on that fateful night, made known a wish to marry the King’s wood-chopper, or butler, or a member of Congress, or some other ordinary person.

**MORAL.**—Don’t marry above your station—unless the man is old, wealthy, has one foot in the grave and the other rapidly advancing in that direction.

J. H. WILLIAMS.

**THE FIAT** has gone forth in fashionable society that flowers may now be sent to the bride instead of more substantial wedding presents. The bridegrooms naturally dislike this arrangement, as it entirely upsets their plans for obtaining loans from their avuncular relative on the usual silver spoons and ice-pitchers.

## THE BOY AND THE DOG

In this world there are many companionships which strike us as being peculiarly poetic and beautiful to the finest detail. Perhaps the most striking friendship is that which exists between the small boy and the yellow dog. The small boy's love of the yellow dog is boundless, while the yellow dog's love of the small boy is touching in the extreme. There is a sympathy between them that must be acknowledged by the most careless observer. They are always together. In the house the dog sleeps in his little master's bed, and dreams the strange, sweet dreams of mongrel innocence. In the woods the dog follows fondly at the boy's heels, and vainly speculates on the nature of the next adventure.

The boy regards the dog with mingled feelings of pride and love, while the dog regards the boy with sentiments of respect and veneration. They are both sincere in their attachment, because neither, if mercenary, could possibly realize a reward. The boy is homely and freckled, and rudely dressed in patched clothes made of a fabric that was new when his father purchased his overcoat before last. But the dog likes him as well in that as in his Sabbath raiment. And the dog is not beautiful to look upon.

He is about a yard long, bow-legged, has a head like a funnel, ears like pen-wipers, and is so low that when he pants his tongue drags on the ground. Yet these two poor, helpless beings sympathize with each other and live on terms of Platonic love, and each is proud of the attachment of the other. The dog assumes the rôle of large sister or guardian to the boy, inasmuch as he always regards him with looks of anxiety. He follows the boy through swamps where his own mother would never think of accompanying him. He sits nervously on the bank while the boy is in swimming, and, when skating begins, the faithful quadruped, fearing his master may drown or fall and injure himself, sits calmly by on the ice where he never would venture for his own personal gratification, and shivers for hours until his eyes shine and he assumes the appearance of being broken-hearted and deserted.

The dog is impatient all day until the boy comes from school, and, when he sees him coming, he runs down the road to meet him; and, when they do meet, the dog jumps on the boy, tries to lick his face, and barks his joy in the most enthusiastic manner. And he is always ready to do the boy's bidding. Let the boy spit on a stone and throw it, the dog goes for it out of courtesy, to please the boy, because he knows it is a stone that he cannot eat. And when the boy points at a stump and exclaims "Rats!" the dog will vigorously attack the roots, and kick the earth away, and make every demonstration of earnest endeavor, when he knows way down at the bottom of his honest old canine heart that there is not a rat within a mile of him. One would naturally conclude that this subtle dissimulation on the part of the dog would rather discomfit and provoke the boy, who, having set out to perpetrate a practical joke on his companion, has only the pain and mortification of complete disappointment.

The boy likes the dog better than his brother, because he will cheerfully thrash his brother for kicking the dog, while he would not dream of such a thing as having the dog interfered with if he became aggravated and bit his brother's hand off. The boy knows that the pedigree of his dog is decidedly dubious, but he doesn't permit that misfortune to affect their friendly relations. He thinks as much of him as he would if he could boast of being connected with the Czar of Russia. The only time the dog dislikes the boy is when the latter rudely hurls him into a pond, or attempts to give him an honorable, legitimate bath. But this dislike is only temporary,

and the dog is himself the first one to sneak up and make friendly overtures to his tormenter.

It wearies the dog to see the boy melting into manhood, for with maturity he fancies their attachment must end. He knows the boy will always like him, but he won't be the same. His ideas will be different, and he won't be so confident as in the dear old days, when he led him by a hay-rope through the woods so that he wouldn't be lost or shot for a rabbit. But the attachment never is broken. They continue on terms of friendship that is lovely both in its sincerity and its simplicity; and the boy doesn't cut the dog because he has fine clothes on. He treats him the same as ever, and the dog likes him better than his little brother, with whom he tries to be happy and contented when his original companion is absent at business. Mothers quarrel; business men dissolve partnerships; marital engagements are broken almost as quickly as they are made; and husbands are divorced from their wives. But the small boy and the yellow dog enjoy a species of companionship that knows not estrangement or infidelity.

R. K. M.

SONNET  
TO A PAIR OF OXFORD TIES.

Thou art still covered with the dusty breath  
Of Summer roads, breathed on thee that June day  
When I gained utter bliss to hear her say  
The words no doubt she well rememb'reth—  
Which to another now perhaps she saith!  
Ah, sweet, how sweet was that long, winding way  
Between the orchards! Yet would God I lay  
Beneath the barren orchard trees in death!  
For she, grown cold, hath left me most forlorn—  
She looketh not at me, my prayers despite,  
Nor careth she that I since then am lost!  
Yea, lost! Life is a curse! There is a corn  
Which groweth from that day—the shoes were tight!  
I'll sell thee, Oxford Ties, at just half cost!

HENRY WELLINGTON VROOMAN.

## Answers for the Curious.

HASELTINE.—She has thanksgave.  
REGISTERED REGINALD.—What are our rates of payment? They vary, Regy; they fluctuate sympathetically with the variations in a collateral market which keeps the financial balance. We refer, Reginald, to the rates made by the O I C man.

X. Y. Z.—Maybe other hearts are bleeding for the same information that you demand:

COVINGTON, Ky., Nov. 23rd, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

Will you be kind enough to name the party apparently in close conversation with Grant and Conkling on first page PUCK, No. 298, dated Nov. 22nd, 1882? The above is to decide a dispute. We are regular takers of PUCK, and would like to see an answer in your next issue.

X. Y. Z.

Will we be kind enough? Yes, we will. We'll turn ourselves into a *Spirit-of-the-Times* and a *Clipper* for your benefit. We went up into the Art Department and asked the artist who drew that cartoon to name the "party." When the combat was over, and we gathered ourselves together and were helping the artist to stick the beefsteak on his game eye, we heard him murmur to himself: "Why, any fool would know that was a picture of Platt!" "Me too, did you say?" we inquired, and just then we had business down-stairs.

## A FANTASY OF THE NIGHT.



TIME TO GO TO BED!

TIME TO GET UP!

## PUCK AT THE PLAY-HOUSE.



Salvini, the illustrious Italian tragedian, is making a triumphal progress throughout the country. When last we heard of him he was electrifying the St. Louisans. Mr. J. St. Maur has the business command of the advance guard of Salvini's Company. "Hazel Kirke" still lives, and expends week of its career at LEAVERTON'S BROOKLYN THEATRE. "McSorley's Inflation" is a return on the part of Harrigan & Hart, of the THEATRE COMIQUE, to first principles, and very good principles they are, as our readers will find if they want to enjoy an evening. Some of the songs in the piece have already become classic. Mr. Graham's is always new and original.

"Iolanthe; Or, The Peer and the Peri," at HENDERSON'S STANDARD THEATRE, is as funny and as satirical as anything done by its author and composer, Gilbert and Sullivan, but it is doubtful if it will ever become as popular in this country as either "Pinafore" or "Patience." This is because it is impossible for Americans to understand the way in which an English son of the soil regards a nobleman. The peer is a part of the atmosphere which the Englishman breathes, but to the American he is but a queer institution in an old country. The costumes of the peers are very rich and dazzling, and handsomer scenery has never been seen on the stage of the STANDARD. The music is not catching, but is good and sufficiently tuneful. Mr. Carleton makes a pretty and melodious Bisque china ornament in his Watteau shepherd's dress. Miss Augusta Roche does excellent work as the *Fairy Queen*, and Mr. Ryley is funny as the acrobatic *Lord Chancellor*. Messrs. Cadwallader and Wilkinson do acceptably what is expected of them, but neither Miss Jansen's *Iolanthe* nor Miss Reber's *Phyllis* is up to the mark. The effect of "Iolanthe" will be to open the optics of the English-speaking public to the absurdity of the existence of the hereditary peerage as an institution in a civilized country. If it does this, Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's work will not have been in vain.

John McCullough gives a varied bill this week, at the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE: "King Lear" on Monday and Tuesday; "Brutus; Or, The Fall of Tarquin" tonight; to-morrow "Hamlet", Friday he will smother Desdemona as *Othello*, and, if he has any breath left, will play *Ingmar*, and in "Damon and Pythias" on Saturday. Mrs. Langtry, having betaken herself to Boston, has left WALLACK'S THEATRE clear for "The Queen's Shilling," which is now being presented there with the regular Hinglish company. If anybody asserts that "The Sorcerer" is not being played to large houses at the BIJOU OPERA HOUSE, he is a prevaricator, whom it were gross flattery to call truth-teller.

"Sam'l of Posen" is once more boarding at LEAVERTON'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE, where "pishness" will probably be booming. Those who have not the leisure to attend a siege can see something alarmingly resembling the real thing by visiting the GRAND PANORAMA painted by F. Philippoteaux of the Siege of Paris in 1871, at Fifty-fifth Street and Seventh Avenue. "Zip," which is one of Lotta's many patronymics, is moored at the GRAND OPERA HOUSE, while this afternoon "The Sorcerer" will pass through the ordeal of production.

"Our English Friend" is vastly amusing in "Passing Regiment" style, and fills DALY'S THEATRE with boisterous hilarity. Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin are now devoting their talents to the performance of "'49" at NIETO'S GARDEN, with newly edited effects and specially concocted scenery. "Young Mrs. Winthrop" is very well, thank you, and is at home every evening and Saturday afternoon for the season, at her MADISON SQUARE mansion.

S. S. M., West Elmira, N. Y., inquires of us: "How should verbenas and caladiums be kept during the Winter?" They should be wrapped in a Finlandese redingote, a sealskin sacque and a pair of brown overalls; then they should be kept secret. They should also be kept out of the cold, and sewed up with cinnamon and a slight flavor of garlic.



THE BALLOON IN DISTRESS

PUB.



STRENGTHENING OUT BALLAST.

## BAKER AND BLUE BLOOD.

There is much excitement in British upper circles just now, and we don't wonder at it. In order that an American citizen may understand the cause of the excitement, let him imagine, if he can, that a sister or a daughter of a member of the St. Nicholas Club, or Coaching Club, or Knickerbocker Club, or Union Club, or Tammany Hall, or of any of our blue-blooded institutions, was, without giving any notice to speak of, to marry a young man who gained his living by jerking open oysters, or being commander-in-chief of a horse car, or engaged in nasty trade.

Yet the enormity of the crime that has caused a pall of gloom to settle over English society is much greater than anything suggested by such occupations, for Lady Gertrude Douglas, a sister of the Marquess of Queensberry and of Lady Florence Dixie, has married—our hand trembles as we write the words—a baker!

Just think of it, young woman—you with the banged hair, and late of the F. C. D. C., who are a lineal descendant of the first Knickerbocker coal-heaver!

A baker, Miss Van Whangdoodle, understand—not a mere, common, ordinary, three-for-a-cent journeyman baker, but an acting head baker of a charitable institution!

The age of the happy man is twenty-one years. We don't know for how long a period Lady Gertrude Douglas has lived in this vale of tears, but it was evidently quite long enough for her to find out the kind of husband calculated to make her happy.

We have not at hand our "Burke" or "Debrett's" Peerages—we believe that both precious volumes were consumed in the fire that took place in this office some time ago—but from our knowledge of the contents we can scarcely be far out in saying that Lady Gertrude Douglas is of an ancient historic race, and had she visited, before her marriage, this country, she would have been received with open arms by the aristocratic cottagers of Newport, the nobility of Boston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, and the strong patrician element that exists in the City of New York.

But any idea that Lady Gertrude Douglas may have had of coming to America must now be abandoned. Society wouldn't have it. It couldn't recognize a woman whose husband kneads dough and lumps sacks of flour for a living, even if she was a lady in her own right.

Society hasn't had anything to say to Mrs. Langtry, because she has adopted the stage as business. How much less could it countenance the wife of a bread-manipulator? Daughters of chambermaids, or even chambermaids themselves, descendants of small shop-keepers, or cabbage gardeners, or policemen, or private watchmen, have to be particular or they will surely lose caste, or some of their proud ancestors would rise out of their graves in Potter's Field in protest. The line must be drawn somewhere, so the demarcation is set up at bakers and their wives.

Yet Lady Gertrude Douglas ought to be encouraged. She sets a bright example to her aristocratic sisters, and also shows young men that there need be no limit to their aspirations.

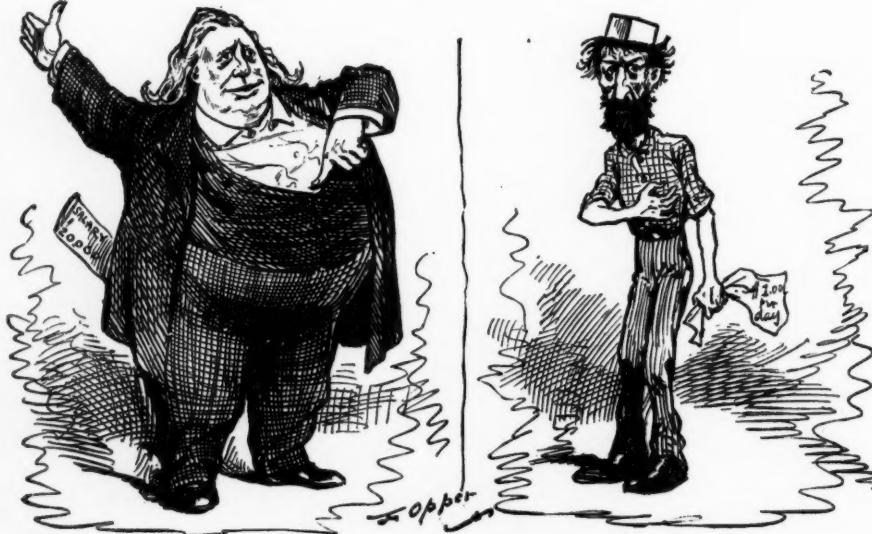
It is not so very long ago that a German princess married a doctor; now we have the sister of a marquess marrying a baker. The wedding of the Princess Beatrice with a journalist or a milkman will next be in order—and who knows but that some future bachelor President of the United States may take pity on the loneliness of Dr. Mary Walker?

There is no such thing, now-a-days, as marrying above or beneath one. Family, occupation, profession count for nothing. The fitness rests with the men and women themselves. It is true that the chances are somewhat against a baker's being as refined in manners, and having such good clothes as a member of the Coaching Club, or as a Fifth Avenue tailor's dummy, who carries his nose in the air and half chokes himself with a stiff all-around collar; but there may be—and doubtless are—such men, and Lady Gertrude Douglas is fortunate in having found one of them for a husband. All labor is noble and dignified, and the more intelligence brought to bear on it the greater its nobility and dignity.

Marriagable society young women should understand that a new and extensive field of choice is now open to them; besides lawyers, doctors, capitalists, merchants, clergymen, grooms and coachmen it will be no longer unfashionable to choose butchers and bakers for husbands.

NO MATTER how mad a young lady may get when you mistake her for her married sister, she will always smile sweetly upon you if you follow up your unhappy mistake by asking her how she would like to attend a Langtry matinée on the following Saturday.

## BEECHER'S NEW DEPARTURE.



"I believe in the development of man, and I think I am a pretty healthy specimen myself!"

But Beecher's \$1 a day working man does not believe in it—or Mr. Beecher, either.

## FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCLIII.  
FREE MASONRY.



Ya-as, my attention has been dwawn to an aw verwy wemarkable document in the nachah of a confession of a man who died wecently, giving the particulahs of the bwutal and horwible murdah of a fellow who had witten and pwinted the secwets of Fwee Masonwy. The terwible deed was committed, I aw believe, maw than half a century ago, and yet it was only the othah day that the secwt came out, the individual in possession of it having kept it carefully within his bweast.

I used to be wathah an admirwal of Fwee Masonwy, and I wemembah when aw Wales—the Pwince, ye know—joined the Ordah. I wesolved, on his urgent persuasion, to join it, too. It appe-ahed to me a tolerwably pleasant way of passing an evening among a nambah of ageweable fellaws, and having an opportunity of adorning one's self with wicch and pwetty wegalia, which weally had verwy important significance. But I must confess to a considerwable feeling of disappointment when, aftah going thrrough the cerwemony of initiation and taking a few degwees, I discovahed that I was not much wisah than othah people, who were not Masons, and I began to wegret that I had the curwiosity to become a membah of the cwaft.

I was also sorwy faw othah weasons, faw I soon found out that even in the best lodges in England the society in the lodge-room was not of a high ordah, and did not come up to my standard or afford me much interwesting or intellectual excitement. I have consequently abandoned the affai-ah altogethah. Amerwicans, howevah, seem fond of Fwee Masonwy, and wejoice whenevah an aw opportunity arwises of parwading the streets and attending funerwals, wigged out in gorgeous style with apwons, gauntlets and all descwiptions of jewewly appertaining to the arwangement, while beaming smiles ovahspwead theih-ah countenances at the gwandeur of the generwl appearance.

I think, howevah, that the effect of the exposure of the fwightful murdah will pwactically make an end of the institution, and that it will gwadually begin to wun down hill until the fact of its evah having existed will be almost forgotten. But some fellaws can nevah west without being membahs of secwt societies, in which case I would wecommend that they take up with bwicklaying, plasterwing or plumbing, faw it will certaintly no longah be good fawm, much less tolerwably wespectable, to identify one's self with an institution that is wesponsible faw a cwuel and cold-blooded murdah.

I am su-ah when I wite to the Pwince of Wales and tell him all about the affai-ah, he will dwop Fwee Masonwy at once aw.

PAUL H. HAYNE, the graceful Southern poet, has had his complete poems brought out in book-form, and we sympathize with him, and trust he will shortly visit Boston with a shot-gun in the interest of poetry and good proof-reading. Alas, Mr. Hayne now knows what it is to have "fumigate" set up for "emigrate" and "Pen-sacola" for "magnolia," and "cantelope" for "antelope," and "rat trap" for "satrap." D. La-throp & Co., Boston, Perpetrators.

## ALFRED MOCHASSIN'S LITTLE TOOTH.

A few days ago Mrs. Bloodgood Mochassin, an aristocratic resident of East Broadway, filled with a laudable desire to see her uncle in the Bowery that she might lend him her Summer water-proof cloak, boarded a Grand Street car. She carried in her arms Master Alfred Teabiscuit Mochassin. When the lady and her sweet little cherub had seated themselves, Mrs. Mochassin began the execution of a plan which she had been maturing on her way to the car. She drew a piece of string from her pocket, and, having persuaded Master Alfred to open his mouth, she tied one end of the string to a decaying tooth, and, letting the other end dangle below the cherub's chin, soothed him to sleep by singing that pathetic ballad:

"Gestern Abend war  
Vetter Michel da."

When the boy had sunk into a gentle slumber, Mrs. Mochassin's eye assumed a wild appearance. She began to toy with the end of the string. Every passenger eyed her anxiously. Every time she seized the end of the dangling cord, the men and women half arose and stopped their ears, looking fearfully for the crisis. But it did not come. After Mrs. Mochassin had failed several times to summon enough courage to make the final pull, a bald-headed gentleman on the opposite seat said:

"Come, yank it out, old woman, and don't let us have any more monkey business."

Then Mrs. Mochassin yanked.

The tooth came out like lightning, flew across the car and smashed a pane of glass. The pieces fell outside and cut a horse which was attached to a dray. The startled animal dashed forward and drove the shafts of the dray through the side of the car. The car was knocked off the track; at the same time Master Mochassin, who had recovered from his astonishment, let out a single yell. A man who had been dozing in the corner of the car sprang up and cried:

"Fire!"

In an instant the interior of the car was transformed into a howling pandemonium. A lean woman with a hungry face, who had a basket of provisions concealed under a voluminous shawl, began to unroll the different parcels and heave the contents into the street, at the same time screaming:

"Save, oh, save my children's dinner!"

The bald-headed gentleman, whose demand for a final yank had developed the circus, made a frantic attempt to climb out of a window backward. He managed to get his legs out, and nearly kicked the head off a man who was trying to get the car back on the track. A small nervous man at one end of the car dived headfirst through a window, rushed to a neighboring store and demanded the loan of a step-ladder. He carried it to the side of the car and gallantly rescued a fat woman who was slowly but energetically working her way out of the window. By this time a large crowd had assembled.

"What's the matter?" asked a man: "is there a mad dog in the car?"

"No, there's a fire!" exclaimed the man with the step-ladder: "Come and help me to save the lives of human beings!"

"I don't see any fire."

## LIBERALITY AT OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.



HE ASKED THE LANDLADY TO PUT A STOVE IN HIS ROOM, AND SHE DID SO.

"Neither do I; but it's there."

"Well, why don't the people come out of the doors at the ends of the car?"

The nervous man scratched his head.

"I'll be blanked if any one thought of that."

Then he opened a door at the end of the car and every one walked out.

"Where's the fire?" asked some one.

"Oh, it's all out now," said the lean, hungry woman, who had distributed carrots and turnips from the car window: "But I was nearly suffocated with the smoke."

Mrs. Mochassin said nothing, but she made a long and fruitless search for Alfred's tooth. She is now persuaded that a dog must have swallowed it, and she is waiting to see a dog's tooth in her cherub's mouth. But she will not pull it in a street car. W. J. HENDERSON.

WHEN a colored man complained before a Delaware judge that at a recent whipping he received at the sheriff's hands one more lash than the sentence called for, his Honor mollified him by saying that when he again came up for sentence the extra lash would be deducted. There is nothing mean about that, judge; and the colored man, it is presumed, has stolen a pair of boots or something ere this to square things.—*Norristown Herald*.

LITTLE Johnny Fizzletop, on account of his mouth, has become the terror of his parents when company is invited to the house. One of the wealthiest and most fashionable ladies in Austin recently took tea at the Fizzletop mansion. As Johnny had promised to behave himself like a Christian, he was permitted to grace the supper table with his presence. He sat opposite to the lady visitor, who could not help remarking what a quiet, well-behaved little boy he was. His parents were also much pleased that he had said or done nothing to bring them into disgrace, but they whistled

before they were out of the woods. The meal was about to close.

"Do have something more," urged Mrs. Fizzletop of the visitor: "do take another saucer of my peach preserves."

"Now, mama, that ain't fair. When I ask to be helped twice to preserves, you always say I am a hog, and here you want this strange woman to take a third plate. That's no way to run a hog ranch."—*Texas Siftings*.

We do not see so many advertisements in the Chicago papers about a "widow" who wants to sell the fine team of trotters which her husband left when he went to heaven. The offer is usually made to sell a three thousand dollar team for five hundred dollars, and a fellow named Tarbox turns out to be the "widow." Mr. Tarbox has been a fugitive from justice for some months, to the detriment of the Chicago papers. He beat a Detroit man, and has just been arrested at Hot Springs, and will probably go to state prison, and the "widow" will have a rest.—*Peek's Sun*.

THE Secretary of the Navy is about to rig out some of the old monitors and put them in the water to see if they will float. Of course it would be cheeky in one who has never been in the navy to volunteer advice to an old salt who has for years been a rear admiral in politics, but we cannot resist the temptation of

suggesting that a cork life-preserved be tied on to each end of the monitors. There is nothing like cork to float. They may try a rubber bag blown up, but if the wind is let out of it, down goes your monitor.—*Peek's Sun*.

INSTEAD of calling it mince pie, the knowing ones now style it menagerie pie. This is because traces of several different animals have been found in the same pie.—*Phila. Kronicle-Herald*.

A CORTLAND man who read at the end of a friend's marriage notice "No cards," sent him a euchre deck by the first mail.—*Marathon Independent*.

The way to obtain a cure for any Disease of the Skin is to buy a box of Swayne's Ointment at your druggist.

**CASTORIA.**  
When the milk comes, baby will cry,  
When fever sets in, baby may die,  
When baby has pains at dead of night,  
Household alarmed, father in a plight;  
Then good mothers learn without delay,  
That CASTORIA cures by night and day.

We often hear people say there is only one good cough medicine and that is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. It is cheap, too, only 25 cents per bottle.

### "DRY MONOPOLE"

#### EXTRA,

As supplied to all the Leading Clubs in England.

GONZALES, BYASS & CO.,

SOLE AGENTS,

39 Broadway, New York.

ROSS'S ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE.  
Sole Manufactory: Belfast, Ireland.

THALIA THEATRE.  
Nos. 46 & 48 Bowery. Nos. 46 & 48 Bowery.  
EVERY EVENING.  
KNAACK AND TEWELE.

IN PREPARATION:  
PUCK'S ANNUAL for 1883. Will be out early in January.

## A FAR-REACHING TRADE.

In conversation with a friend the other day it was remarked to us that

## FREDERICK BROWN'S CINCER

could be obtained in Japan, China, India, Australia, New Zealand; in Africa, both coasts and Cape Town; in Greece; in every large town in Europe; and we all know it has comforted the suffering from Alaska to Greenland, and from the North Pole, or nearly the North Pole, (for Dr. Kane took it with him as far as he went,) to Panama. The sale is increasing largely in South America.

It does what it is claimed to do, but has never been called a "SPECIFIC."

### FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

**WATCHES** for the Million. The largest assortment in the World from the smallest to the largest in Solid Gold, Silver, and Nickel Cases from \$6 to \$150—all reliable and each fully warranted. Chains, Rings, Laces, Pins, Ear-rings, Bangles, Bracelets, Cuff Buttons, Studs, etc., at prices in reach of all. Also, bargains in Diamonds.

An article of Jewelry is the most suitable gift for a lady or gentleman, and this is the best place to buy it.

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SAM SPILLKINS is the owner of a very fine dog, which accompanies him in his walks. He was passing Mose Schaumberg's store, on Austin Avenue, when Mose's attention was called to the dog.

"Dot ish a splendid tog, Mr. Spillkins. Vat ish his name?" asked Mose.

"His name is Peter."

"Peter?"

"Yes, Peter."

"Peter—dot ish a very shingular name, Mr. Spillkins."

"His real name, Mr. Schaumberg, is Jupiter, but I always leave off the Jew part of Jupiter, and call him Peter, on account of the high regard I have for Israelites as American citizens. I don't like to use the word Jew in connection with the name of a dog. Come here, Peter. Do you see how he knows his name?"

Mose beamed all over with joy, and made some pathetic remarks about how much better the Jews are treated in this country than in Russia, and Spillkins thinks he has laid the foundation for a trade for a Fall overcoat on a credit basis.—*Texas Siftings.*

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"MEET Me, Darling, By the Mill" and 100 other Choice Songs and Ballads, words and music, entire lot for 16 cents. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay Street, N. Y.

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[San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle.]

### FIGHTING FIRE.

#### Sunshine and Shadows in the Life of a Fireman.

INTERESTING INTERVIEWS WITH MANY HEROES OF HOT BATTLES.

SIXTEEN YEARS IN THE SERVICE—WHAT A VETERAN SAYS.

#### FIREMEN'S FOES.

The Fire Department of San Francisco is one of the best institutions of its kind in the world. The people of this city are thoroughly aware of this fact, and are correspondingly proud of it. As a consequence, the city is proud of the brave men who risk life and limb in battling with the flames for the preservation of property, and anything affecting them is a matter of great public interest. The reporter had an interview with Assistant Chief Engineer Matthew Brady, who has been sixteen years in the service, and is justly esteemed an efficient man for his position.

"Mr. Brady," said the reporter: "can you tell me, for the *Chronicle*, how many fires your Department attended this year?"

"Not a word, sir," replied Mr. Brady: "but the annual report will be out shortly, and you can then get all necessary information."

"Is there any news connected with the Department of special importance?"

"Well, no, I can't say that we have anything vitally interesting to-day. We are all in pretty fair condition, considering the weather, and I feel especially cheerful in my own mind and person."

"Have you had a legacy left you, or struck it rich in some other way?"

"No; but I am a perfectly well man and free from all physical pain, which has not been the case with me before for nearly five years. This is the cause of my good feeling."

"Have you been afflicted with chronic sickness?"

"I did not mean to convey the idea that I had been sick exactly. I have been subject to aggravating pains in my chest for over four years. The pain did not make me sick, but was constantly present and annoyed me beyond expression. At times I was apprehensive that the trouble might develop into something serious, and I resorted to various modes of treatment to obtain relief. I have had my chest terribly blistered. No physician could tell me what was the matter with me, and I could not get relief. Two weeks ago I commenced using St. Jacobs Oil. It has cured me. I have not felt the least throb of pain for three days. I was persuaded to use the Great German Remedy by persons in the city who had observed the wonderful effects of the Oil in their families. I learned, also, that St. Jacobs Oil is generally used among the firemen of the country, and is coming into use in our own Department. I believe it a first-class remedy. I think Thomas Sullivan, Engineer of No. 2, is acquainted with the merits of the Oil."

The reporter repaired to Engine-house No. 2 in quest of Mr. Sullivan. That gentleman was at his post. The reporter found him engrossed about his engine. Mr. Sullivan is of almost herculean proportions, and impresses the observer with the idea of great physical strength and courage. He is just the kind of man one expects to see in charge of an engine—brave, cool and skillful, and always ready for duty. Mr. Sullivan was pretty well, but had just crawled out of a bad spell of what came pretty near being a serious thing for him. "You see, sir," said he: "the nature of our business subjects us to exposure at all times. We don't complain of it. We do our duty cheerfully, and don't stop at trifles. Sometimes we take cold, and then it is rather hard work to get rid of it, by reason of the fact that when we are on the road to recovery, oftentimes we are exposed and thrown back again. The boys like the business, though, and not one of us ever thinks of allowing anything short of downright sickness which compels one to be in bed to stop him from going to a fire. But it often retards the cure of a bad cold. Now, I contracted a bad cold. It was so firmly seated that it held on with the grip of a man to the rung of a ladder on a tall building. I coughed almost incessantly. My throat was swollen and very sore. The trouble was principally in my throat. I tried several remedies for relief. I did not obtain it, however. At last I grew so bad that I could not eat or sleep. I passed three whole days and nights without eating or sleeping. The matter was growing serious. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, as it was cracked up to be a specific for such troubles. I secured a bottle of the Oil, and saturated a piece of flannel with it and bound it around my throat. It was a hot dose, I can tell you. After it was on some little time I began to feel a pricking sensation like as if a thousand needle points were piercing me at one time. Soon it became positively hot, and later on it burned like a furnace. But



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For the Immediate Relief and Permanent Cure of  
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MRS. LANGTRY has been in this country several weeks, and has not yet endorsed each of fifteen pianos as the "very best" manufactured. She evidently knows how to play one.—*Norristown Herald.*

"I PLA by ere," wrote a St. Louis belle to a Chicago professor, who immediately wrote her, saying that he believed she also spelled that way.—*Chicago Eye.*

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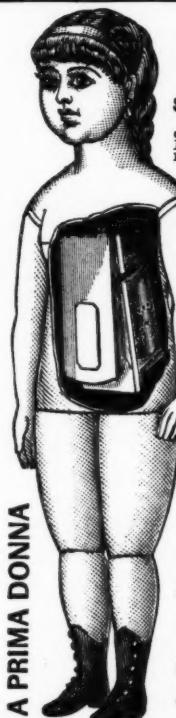
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**SOMETHING NEW.**

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**"HAWKEYE" DOTS.**

Sammy Tilden half wishes he had run for governor himself this year, it being such an exceptionally good year for governor. "Thou art so far, and yet so near away," Samuel.

"Two San Francisco actors recently shot at each other in the street. As their shooting was nearly as bad as their acting, they missed each other and hit some people in a street car clear around on the other side of the block.

Illinois is worrying over the question: "Who shall step into David Davis's shoes?" The next senator may step into David's shoes, but by the great American desert, he'd better keep out of the old man's trousers if he wants to be found in time to draw any pay.

A Philadelphia street car had a collision with the car of another line, and a splinter of glass put out the eye of a post-office clerk, and he has just got \$9,000 damages for it. By Jove, my boy, it's a precious lucky thing for you that you didn't get the money before election. Hubbell would have assessed it at two per cent.

An accident is reported on the Union Pacific Railroad, an express train running into the rear of a freight. There must be some mistake about this. People who have traveled on a Union Pacific express train can readily understand how a freight train might catch up with the express, run over it, and then turn around and kick it off the track; but how a U. P. express could ever catch a freight—no, no; it is a mistake. Hold—maybe the freight was backing down to take on the mail.

—Robert J. Burdette.

A HALF dozen leading actors and actresses contribute articles on "Success On the Stage" in one of the December magazines, and all agree that experience and hard work are necessary to become successful on the stage. In corroboration of their opinions it is only necessary to look at Mrs. Langtry, who has been on the stage only six months, and is drawing bigger houses and making more money than any of the writers who advance their opinions in the article named.—Norristown Herald.

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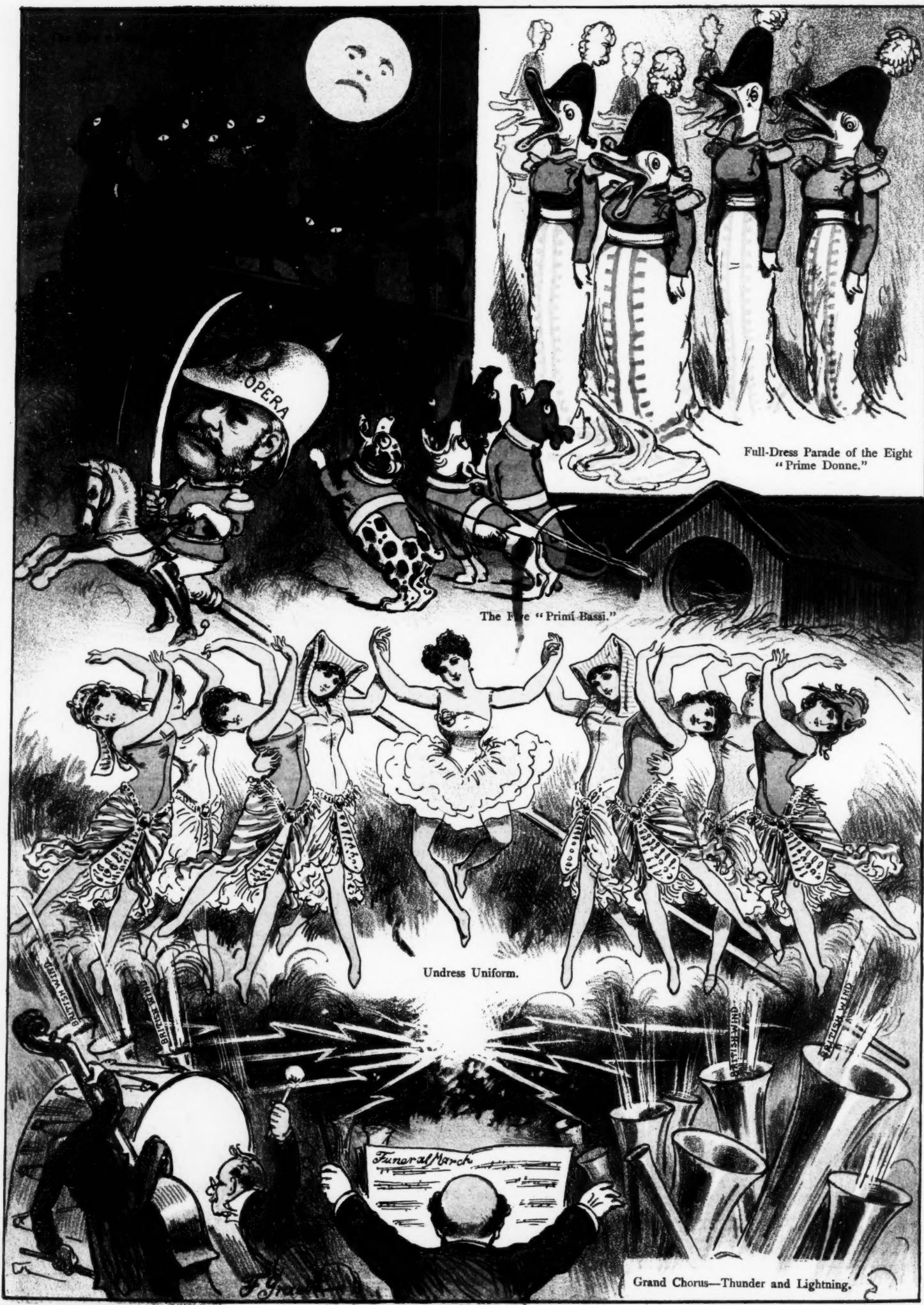
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